

WIFE + CINDERELLA

Sondheim & Lapine

Cinderella dashes onstage, looking over her shoulder. She falls; music stops.

WIFE: Are you all right, miss?

CINDERELLA (*Breathless*): Yes. I just need to catch my breath.

WIFE: What a beautiful gown you're wearing. Were you at the King's Festival?

CINDERELLA (*Preoccupied*): Yes.

WIFE: Aren't you the lucky one. Why ever are you in the woods at this hour?

Fanfares in the distance, growing louder. We hear men's voices offstage. Cinderella signals to Wife to keep quiet, then ducks behind a tree. Cinderella's Prince runs onstage, followed by his Steward. They look about for a moment, then notice Wife.

CINDERELLA'S PRINCE: Have you seen a beautiful young woman in a ball gown pass through?

Wife bows.

WIFE (*Breathless*): I don't think so, sir.

STEWARD: I think I see her over there.

Cinderella's Prince signals him off in that direction, then takes another look at Wife before following. Music continues under

WIFE: I've never lied to royalty before. I've never *anything* to royalty before!

CINDERELLA: Thank you.

WIFE: If a Prince were looking for me, I certainly wouldn't hide.

CINDERELLA (*Defensive*): Well, what brings *you* here—and with a cow?

WIFE: Oh, my husband's somewhere in the woods. (*Proud*) He's undoing a spell.

CINDERELLA (*Impressed*): Oh?

WIFE: Oh, yes. Now, the Prince, what was he like?

CINDERELLA:

He's a very nice Prince.